In Recital

Mark Cahoon, bass baritone

assisted by
Janna Olson, piano

Friday, April 19, 2001 at 8:00 pm

Arts Building
University of Alberta

Department of Music
University of Alberta

Program

Selections from *Winterreise* (1827) — Franz Schubert (1797-1828)
Text by Wilhelm Müller
1. Gute Nacht
2. Die Wetterfahne
3. Gefrorne Tränen
5. Der Lindenbaum
6. Wasserflut
11. Frühlingstraum
13. Die Post
15. Die Krähe
20. Der Wegweiser
24. Der Leiermann

From the *St. Matthew Passion* (1727/1729) — Johann Sebastian Bach (1685-1750)
Mache dich, meine Herze, rein!

Intermission

Extase (1874) — Henri Duparc (1848-1933)
Lamento (1883)
Le Manoir de Rosamonde (1879)

From *Manon* (1884) — Jules Massenet (1842-1912)
Épouse quelque brave fille

Three Salt-water Ballads (1931) — Frederick Keel (1871-1954)
Words by John Masefield
1. Port of many ships
2. Trade winds
3. Mother Carey

This recital is presented in partial fulfilment of the requirements for the Bachelor of Music for Mr Cahoon.

Translation

Winterreise

1. **Gute Nacht/Goodnight**

As a stranger, I entered, as a stranger I go out again. May was kind to me with many a bunch of flowers. The maiden spoke of love, the mother, even of marriage. But now the world is dreary, the roadway covered with snow. I cannot spend time choosing my journey, I must determine my way here and now in the darkness. A moonlight shadow goes with me as companion, and on the white meads I look for wild creatures' tracks. Why should I remain longer, until I am driven out? Let stray dogs howl outside their master's house! Love likes to travel from one to another, God has made it so. My fine lady-love, goodnight! I will not disturb you in your dreams. 'Twere pity to spoil your rest. You shall not hear my footsteps. Softly, softly I close the door. As I go out I will write "Goodnight" to you on the gate, so that you may see my thoughts were of you.

2. **Die Wetterfahne/The Weather Cock**

The wind sports with the weather cock on my fair love's house. To my crazed senses it seemed to be mocking the poor fugitive. He should have noticed sooner the escutcheon mounted over the house. Then he would never have looked for a faithful woman inside. With the hearts indoors, the wind plays as on the roof, only not so loudly. What do they care for my sorrows? Their child is a wealthy bride.

3. Gefrorne Tränen/Frozen Tears

Frozen tears are falling from my cheeks. Did I then not notice that I had wept? O tears, my tears. And are you so utterly lukewarm that you freeze into ice, like the cool morning dew? And yet you gush forth, glowing hot, out of my breast as though you would melt all Winter's ice!

5. **Der Lindenbaum/The Linden Tree**

By the fountain outside the town gate stands a linden tree. In its shade I dreamt many a sweet dream. In its bark I cut many a loving word. I was drawn to it continually in times of joy and pain. This night, too, I had to go past it at dead of night. Dark though it was then, I kept my eyes closed. And its branches rustled, as though they were calling to me: "Come to me, my friend; here you will find peace!" The cold gusts blew straight into my face. The hat flew off my head, but I did not turn back. Now I am many hours distant from that place, and still I hear a rustling: "You would have found peace there!"

6. **Wasserflut/Floodwater**

Many a tear from my eyes has fallen into the snow. The cold snowflakes absorb my burning grief thirstily. When the grass is ready to spring up, a mild wind will blow hither and the ice will break up into flows and the soft snow will dissolve. Snow, you know of my longing. Tell me, pray, where does your course lie? If you will only follow my tears, the stream will soon gather you up. With it you will flow through the town, in and out of the gay streets. Where you will feel my tears glowing hot, there will be my darling's house.

11. **Frühlingstraum/A Dream of Spring**

I dreamt of many coloured flowers as they bloom in May. I dreamt of green meadows and merry birdsong. And when the cock crowed, my eyes opened. It was cold and dark; Ravens croaked on the roof. But there, on the windowpanes... Who painted those leaves? Do you laugh at the dreamer who saw flowers in winter? I dreamt of love for love's sake, of a fair maiden, of caresses and kisses, of happiness and bliss. And when the cocks crowed, my heart awoke. Now I sit here alone and ponder on the dream. I close my eyes again, but my heart still beats warmly. When will you leaves grow green on the window? When shall I hold my love in my arms?

13. **Die Post/The Post**

>From the road comes a posthorn's sound. What ails it that it surges so, my heart? The post brings no letter for you. Why then do you leap so high, my heart? Yes, the post is coming now from the town where once I had a darling sweetheart. My heart! Do you want to go across and see and ask how things may be doing there, my heart?

15. **Die Krähe/The Crow**

A crow set out from the town with me. Till today it has been flying continually around my head. Crow, strange creature! Are you determined not to leave me? Do you intend soon to grasp my body for your prey? Well, I shall not go much further with my walking stick. Crow, let me at least see faithfulness unto the grave!

20. **Der Wegweiser/The Signpost**
Why do I avoid the ways that other travellers tread, and seek hidden pathways through snow-covered, rocky heights? I have done no ill deed that I should avoid mankind... What foolish longing drives me into deserted wastes? Signposts stand upon the roads pointing the way to towns, and I journey on endlessly, restless and seeking peace. One signpost I see standing fixedly before my gaze. One road I must travel. A road along which none have returned.

24. **Der Leiermann/The Hurdy-gurdy Man**
Out behind the village there stands a hurdy-gurdy man. With numbed fingers he grinds all he can. Barefoot on the ice, he totters to and fro, and his little platter stays ever empty of coins. No one wants to hear him, no one gives him a glance, and the dogs snarl around the old man. And he lets it all go on, just as it will. He grinds away, and his barrel-organ never stops. Strange old man! Shall I go with you? Will you grind away on your hurdy-gurdy to my songs?

Mache dich, meine Herze, rein!/Make Thee, my Heart, Pure!
Make thee, my heart, pure! I will Jesus in myself entomb. Then he shall henceforth have his sweet rest in me for eternity. World, go out, allow Jesus in!

Extase/Ecstasy
On a pale lily my heart is asleep in a slumber sweet like death. Exquisite death, death perfumed by the breath of my beloved. On your pale bosom my heart is asleep in a slumber sweet like death.

Lamento/Lament
Do you know the white tomb where with a plaintive sound floats the shadow of a yew-tree? On the yew-tree a pale dove, sad and alone in the setting sun, sings its song. One would say that the awakened soul weeps under the earth in unison with the song, and of the misfortunes of having been forgotten. Complaints, cooing very softly. Oh! never more near the tomb shall I go, when evening descends with its dark mantle, to hear the pale dove sing, on the branch of the yew-tree, its plaintive song!

Le Manoir de Rosamonde/The Manor of Rosamund
With its sudden and voracious teeth, like a dog love has bitten me. If you follow my blood that was shed, you could easily find my trail. Take a horse of good breed. Go and follow my arduous road through pitfalls and lost trails, if the chase will not make you weary! Passing where I have passed, you will see that alone and wounded I traveled over this sorrowful world. And thus I wrought my own death far, far away, without discovering the blue manor of Rosamund.

Épouse quelque brave fille/Marry some fine girl
What grand words! Which road have you then followed, and what do you know of life that you imagine it ends there? Marry some fine girl worthy of us, worthy of you. Become a father of a family, no worse, no better than I. Heaven wants nothing more. This is your duty, do you hear? Virtue that makes noise is no longer a virtue! Marry some fine girl worthy of us, worthy of you. Heaven wants nothing more. This is your duty.

Three Salt-water Ballads
1. **Port of many ships**
It's a sunny pleasant anchorage, is Kingdom Come,
Where crews is always layin' aft for double-tots o' rum,
'N' there's dancin' 'n' fiddlin' of ev'ry kind o' sort, It's a fine place for sailor-men is that there port.
'N' I wish-
I wish as I was there.

The winds is never nothin' more than jest light airs, 'N' no-one gets belayin'-pinned, 'n' no-one never swears,
Yer free to loaf an' laze around, yer pipe atween yer lips,
Lollin' on the fo'c'sle, sonny, lookin' at the ships.
'N' I wish-
I wish as I was there.

For ridin' in the anchorage the ships of all the world
Have got one anchor down 'n' all sails furled.
All the sunken hookers 'n' the crew as took 'n' died
They lays there merry, sonny, swingin' to the tide.
'N' I wish-
I wish as I was there.

1. **Port of many ships** (cont'd)
Drowned old wooden hookers green wi' drippin' wrack,
Ships as never fetched to port, as never came back,
Swingin' to the blushin' tide, dippin' to the swell,
'N' the crew all singin' sonny, beatin' on the bell.
'N' I wish-
I wish as I was there.

2. **Trade Winds**
In the harbour, in the island, in the Spanish Seas,
Are the tiny white house and the orange-tree,
And day-long, night-long, the cool and pleasant breeze
Of the steady Trade Winds blowing.

There is the red wine, the nutty Spanish ale,
The shuffle of the dancers, theand the old salt's tale,
The squeaking fiddle, and the soughing in the sail
Of the steady Trade Winds blowing.

And o' nights there's the fire-flies and the yellow moon,
And in the ghostly palm-trees the sleepy tune
Of the quiet voice calling me, the long low croon
Of the steady Trade Winds blowing.

3. **Mother Carey**
Mother Carey? She's the mother o' the witches
'N' all them sort o' rips;
She's a fine gell to look at, but the hitch is,
She's a sight too fond of ships.
She lives upon an iceberg to the norred,
'N' her man he's Davy Jones,
'N' she combs the weeds upon her forred
With pore drowned sailors' bones.

She's the mother o' the wrecks, 'n' the mother
Of all big winds as blows;
She's up to some deviltry or other
When it storms or sleets, or snows.
The noise of the wind's her screamin',
"I'm arter a plump, young, fine,
Brass-buttoned, beefy-ribbed young seam'n
So as me 'n' my mate kin dine."

She's a hungry old rip 'n' a cruel
For sailor-men like we,
She's give a many mariners the gruel
'N' a long sleep under the sea.
She's the blood o' many a crew upon her
'N' the bones of many a wreck,
'N' she's barnacles a-growin' on her
'N' shark's teeth round her neck.

3. **Mother Carey** (cont'd.)
I ain't never had no schoolin'
Nor read no books like you,
But I know's 't ain't healty to be foolin'
With that there gristly two.
You're young, you thinks, 'n' you're lairy,
But if you're to make old bones,
Steer clear, I says, o' Mother Carey
'N' that there Davy Jones.

Upcoming Events

April
21 Sunday, 8:00 pm
The University of Alberta
Madrigal Singers *Pre-Tour Concert*
Ardelle Ries, Conductor
The Madrigal–
Music from and inspired by Shakespeare's time

23 Tuesday, 4:00 pm
Strings Masterclasses
Visiting Artists
Juilliard String Quartet
Violin - Ron Copes
Studio 27, Fine Arts Building 2-7
Cello - Joel Krosnick
Convocation Hall, Arts Building
Admission for auditors: $15

26 Friday, 6:00 pm
SALUTE TO MALCOLM FORSYTH
Celebration Dinner
with **special guest artists**
Faculty Club, University of Alberta
Admission: $55 (including a donation of $25 to the Canadian Music Centre)

27 Saturday, 8:00 pm
Maid in Alberta
Sylvia Shadick Taylor, piano
Featuring works by Forsyth, Sastok, Sasonkin, Nicholson (world premiere), Eagle, Fisher and Bashaw. Edmonton Composers' Concert Society "New Music Alberta" concert series

May
7 Tuesday, 8:00 pm
Master of Music Recital
Tomoe Aoki, piano
Free admission

department of Music

Unless otherwise indicated
Admission: $5/student/senior, $10/adult
Convocation Hall, Arts Building
University of Alberta
Please note: All concerts and events are subject to change without notice. Please call 492-0601 to confirm concerts (after office hours a recorded message will inform you of any changes to our